

# Carry on my Wayward Daughter

by BringMeBackToReality

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Summary: Allison Winchester had been free from the hunting life for the past 5 years until her twin brother, Dean, suddenly shows up on her doorstep claiming that he's just been brought out of hell after being dead for four months and needs her help to figure out by what. Allison finds out she's chosen the worst time to come back into hunting, with the apocalypse on the rise.

## 1. Chapter 1

So I was looking around on the Internet the other day when I came across a picture of Amber Heard and it had girl!dean as the caption and it got me thinking that instead of it being Dean as a girl, she could be like Dean's twin sister and then the idea just kept on expanding and expanding so I decided to turn it into this book. It starts off at the beginning of season four and just continues on from there.

'Order up!' I was jolted out of my daydream at the sound of cook's voice from behind me in the kitchen. I rubbed at my green eyes, blinking away sleep before turning around and grabbing the two plates of greasy food from the counter behind me, order slips littering the rack above the plates.

The diner was old but classic like one of those 60s style diners. It had a warm atmosphere and most of the waitresses knew the patrons by name, well the regular ones anyway. It was an okay place to work, certainly better than my last job.

'Allison!' I jumped at the hard sound of the head waitress, Lisa's voice and my head snapped in her direction to the left. Her brown eyes were steeled in a stony glare with her red haired tied up in a tight bun and arms crossed over her bright pink uniform.

I looked over at her, blinking up at her innocently 'Yes ma'am?'

'Stop daydreaming and do your job!' she scolded me and I nod, smiling a sarcastically fake smile. She was the only downside to working here. Her uptight attitude and strict set of rules made her almost unbearable. Lisa turned around after yelling at me and stalked away, not noticing as I flipped her off from behind.

Gripping hold of the silver plates in my hand, I moved around the counter and headed to the table near the first window of the diner to drop the order off and that was how the rest of the day went, how all my days went yet I wouldn't change a thing.

Throwing off my pink uniform, I flung my apartment keys onto the counter beside the door. I pulled my leather bag off my shoulder and placed it next to my keys. With a yawn, I shuffled further into my apartment.

It was small but cosy and just right for me with 4 rooms, a kitchen, a bathroom, a bedroom and a living room. Stretching my arms, I made my way into the kitchen. I pulled out a few slices of left over pizza before throwing them into the microwave beside the fridge to heat them up.

Collapsing on the couch in the next room, I laid down, burying my face in the couch cushion. I was too exhausted to even bother with turning on the tvs so the apartment remained quiet except for the constant beeping sound of the microwave. I enjoyed the quiet of it all, it was relaxing, peaceful and didn't have a monster about to charge at me from any direction.

The microwave beeped but just as I stand up off the couch, there's a loud knock on the door. I frown, wondering who could possibly be at my door in the middle of the night.

A frown still gracing my face I made my way towards the front door and pulled it open. My mouth dropped and my eyes widened as I stared at the person standing at my front door 'Dean?' I muttered in shock.

The man standing in front of me smiled slightly, his blonde hair ruffled and messy and his green eyes looked different, almost haunted underneath the thinly veined happiness he had as she looked at me. 'HeyAlly' he grinned.

'What the hell are you doing here?' I frowned as I watched Dean wince slightly as the word hell slipped past my lips, wondering what had happened to him.

Dean sighed 'It's a long story. Can I come in?'

I bite my lip, a move of hesitance. I hadn't seen Dean for the past five years, for a good reason and I just know that if I let him then, I'll be back in the family business like that. Looking at Dean though I could tell it was serious and with a mental sigh I opened the door wider and let him in.

'So you've been in hell for the past 4 months?!' I demand, standing up in shock. My eyes were set in a firm glare despite my shock of the situation as I stared down at my brother.

Dean sighed but nodded 'Yeah, I have'

'And no one bothered to tell me this?! At least when dad died I got a phone call. Where is Sam cause I swear I'm going to kill him!' I yell angry. Yes, I hadn't seen my brother in five years but I had still received a phone call when our dad died, you would think Sam would do the same thing when Dean died.

'I don't know where is' Dean shrugged 'I've tried calling, no answer, then I tried calling Bobby and he thought it was just a joke. You were the closet person I knew so I came here' he explained to me and I sighed sitting back down, hiding my face in my hands.

I had no idea what to think. Here was my twin brother after five years, claiming he's just climbed out of hell after he's been dead for four months. It was a lot for a girl to take in.

Just before I was about to speak, a thought struck me. What if this man in front of me wasn't Dean at all? The thought had me looking back up at him, eyes harrowingly in a glare. Reaching behind me I felt the cool metal of the silver knife hidden in the couch cushion.

Before Dean could say anything, I moved my hand to the side catching his arm, drawing blood. 'Ah! Jesus Christ Allison! What the hell!?' Dean screamed, clutching his arm.

'Sorry just needed to make sure you weren't a shapeshifter or anything' I shrugged.

He glared at me before sighing, shaking his head 'warn a guy next time' when he looked up, he was splashed with holy water from a flask I had grabbed from my beside drawer 'not a demon either' he glared, wiping his face of the water.

'Sorry' I say before shrugging 'had to be sure you know. Anyway what do you need me to do?' Before Dean could argue 'and don't say anything, you wouldn't have come to me unless there was something going on, so what is it?' I questioned and he sighed.

'When I climbed out of my grave, I guess you could call it, I went to this empty gas station. After a couple of minutes the tvs turned on but it was static and then the radio switched on as well, completely by itself'

'So it's a demon' I interrupt and Dean nods 'that was my first thought until the salt didn't work and there was a high pitched sound that managed to blast through all the windows of the statio' he explained further and I frowned in confusion.

'I've never heard of a demon doing that before' I mutter and he nods.

'Yeah me neither'

'Okay so what's the plan?' I wonder, clapping my hands together.

'My plan is go to bobby's house, find Sam and figure out how the hell I got out of hell' he said standing up.

'Okay good luck with that' I nod and go into the the kitchen to grab my slices of pizza, hearing Dean's footsteps coming after me.

'I need you to come with me'

'Dean...' I begin but he cuts me off 'no Allison I need you. Look I I know you have a life here and I accepted your decision to leave more than anyone but I don't know what going on okay? I don't know I got out of hell, I don't know what is after me. What I do is that your need your help and you know I would never ask you to come back unless I really needed you'

I sigh, knowing he was right. Dean was the first person to accept my leaving and he would be the last one to drag me back in under normal circumstances but this wasn't a normal circumstance anymore. Looking uk at my twin, I could see the sincere plea in his green eyes, identical to my own.

I nodded slowly, hoping to god that I would not regret my decision 'just let me pack a few things then we'll hit the road' Dean smiled.

My black Chevy parked out in front of bobby's house and I stared up at him, the familiarity of it all making me feel nostalgic, remembering in the old days when dad used to drop all three of us here with Bobby.

'You coming?' Dean said and only then did I realise that he was already out of the car.

'Yeah, yeah I'm coming I say, shrugging off my seatbelt and climbing out of the car, 'I'll just grab my stuff out of the car, you go ahead' I tell him and he nods, walking up to the front door.

I sigh to myself, looking around the old garage before opening the boot of my car. This was a place I never thought I would be back at let alone as a hunter again. I couldn't go back on my word though.

I hauled my duffle bag up and over my shoulder entering the room o see Bobby splashing holy water at Dean's face, making me smile slightly. Dean paused halfway through his explanation to Bobby and spit out the water, 'I'm not a demon either, you know' he glares.

'Sorry' Bobby shrugs 'Can't be too careful'.

'Don't worry Bobby I did the same thing' I announce my presence and bonus eyes widen seeing me standing beside Dean.

'Allison?' He hale's out and I smile.

'The one and only' he smiles and I soon found myself drawn into a hug.

'Boy am I glad to see you' Bobby says pulling away 'you grew up' he mutters looking at me.

'It has been five years Bobby, it's too be expected' I chuckle and he nods.

After dean explains what happens they walk into Bobby,s study, Dean wiping his face with a towel. 'But... that don't make a lick of sense' Bobby exclaim in confusion.

'Yeah' Dean nods, throwing the towel over his shoulder 'Yeah, you're preachin' to the choir'.

'Dean. Your chest was ribbons, your insides were slop' I cringe at the image 'And you've been buried four months. Even if you could slip out of hell and back into your meat suit -' 'I know, I should look like a Thriller video reject' Dean interrupts.

'What do you remember?' Bobby wondered

'Not much. I remember I was a Hellhound's chew toy, and then... lights out. Then I come to six feet under, that was it' Bobby sits down at Dean's word, his face drawn in a frown 'Sam's number's not working. He's, uh... he's not...'

'Oh, he's alive' Bobby assures before muttering 'As far as I know'.

Dean sighs in relief 'Good...' He walks around the desk before Bobby,s words hit him 'Wait, what do you mean, as far as you know?' I frown looking between the two men in front of me.

'I haven't talked to him for months' Bobby explains sitting up.

'You're kidding, you just let him go off by himself?' Dean demands in disbelief.

'He was dead set on it' Bobby sighed

'Sound alike Sam, I mutter, knowing that when my younger brother was set on something he would let it go. It was a trait that ram through the Winchester bloodline so it seemed.

'Bobby, you should've been looking after him' Dean accuses.

'I tried' Bobby argued 'These last months haven't been exactly easy, you know. For him or me. We had to bury you'.

'Why did you bury me, anyway?' Dean frowned

'I wanted you salted and burned. Usual drill' bobby explains and Dean nods 'But... Sam wouldn't have it'.

'Well, I'm glad he won that one' Dean sighed.

'No kidding I muttered taking a seat in front of the desk, relaxing against the brown leather.

'He said you'd need a body when he got you back home somehow' bby sighed 'That's about all he said'.

Both Dean and I look up at him with a suspicious frown 'What do you mean?' Dean wonders.

'He was quiet. Real quiet. And then he just took off. Wouldn't return

my calls. I tried to find him, but he didn't want to be found' Bobby explained.

'Oh, damnit, Sammy' Dean muttered, covering his eyes in exasperation

'What?' Bobby frowned, looking at him.

'Oh, he got me home okay. But whatever he did, it is bad mojo' he says

'What makes you so sure?'

'You should have seen the grave site. It was like a nuke went off. And then there was this... this force, this presence, I don't know, but it, it blew past me at a fill-up joint. And then this' He strips his jacket off and pulls up his sleeve to reveal the brand, that looked awfully like a handprint. I frown, not seeing that before and stand up with Bobby.

'What in the hell?' Bobby muttered, standing up and moved over to look at the mark.

'It was like a demon just yanked me out. Or rode me out'.

'But why?' I wondered.

'To hold up their end of the bargain' Dean said and both Bobby and I frown.

'You think Sam made a deal' Bobby muttered in realisation.

'It's what I would have done'.

The three of us crowd around the kitchen as Dean rings up the mobile company for Sam's phone 'Yeah, hi, I have a cell phone account with you guys, and uh, I lost my phone. I was wondering if you could turn the GPS on for me. Yeah. Name's Wedge Antilles. Social is 2-4-7-4. Thank you' Dean hangs up the phone and crosses to a laptop on the table.

'How'd you know he'd use that name?' Bobby questioned.

'You kiddin' me? What don't I know about that kid?' Dean mutters as the laptop opens to a web browser; Dean types in the address for Arc mobile.

Dean picks up one of the many empty liquor bottles scattered around and turn to Bobby 'Hey, Bobby? What's the deal with the liquor store? What, are your parents out of town or something?'

'Like I said. Last few months ain't been all that easy' I glance at Bobby, wondering exactly what had happened to them all in the last four months. Hell I knew if I actually knew about Dean's death I would be an absolute wreck cause I wouldn't have just lost my brother, my twin, I would have lost him without having seen him in five years and that would be a whole lot worse.

Dean holds bobby's gaze for a moment before nodding 'Right'. The laptop beeps and I turn and look over Dean's shoulder to read the

screen. The display shows a city map with a blue arrow pointing to a star. The locator reads: Phone Location: 263 Adams Road, Pontiac, Illinois.

'Sam's in Pontiac, Illinois' Dean mutters in disbelief.

'Right near where you were planted' I say in realisation.

'Right where I popped up. Hell of a coincidence, don't you think?'

Reaching Astoria hotel, the place Sam was saying the three of us walk down a dingy hallway and knock on a door with the number 207 inside a red heart. The three of us glance at each other before Dean knocks on the wood.

The door is opened by a young woman with dark hair, wearing only a tank top and underwear. She looks at them expectantly, 'So where is it?' She questions and we all frown glancing at each other again.

'Where's what?' I ask, though something plague on my mind that there's something wrong with this girl. I shrug it off with just being out of practise.

'The pizza...' She says like it obvious 'that takes three people to deliver?'

'I think we got the wrong room' Dean says but just then Sam steps into the light. He is grim and focused, and wears a grey t-shirt and jeans, 'Hey, is...' He stops dead when he sees Dean standing at the doorway. He swallows, shocked, his eyes flicking between Dean, Bobby and me.

'Heya, Sammy' Dean greets him but Sam remains silent. Dean steps into the room, ignoring the woman, who steps aside to let him in. As Dean gets close, Sam pulls a knife and lunges at him.

The woman screams as Dean blocks Sam's attack both by and I jumping into action to yell him away from our brother.

Sam struggles against our hold glaring at Dean 'who are you?!' He shouts.

'Like you didn't do this?!' Dean accuses

'Do what?!' Sam yells confused still struggling against mine and Bobby's hold.

'It's him. It's him. I've been through this already, it's really him' Bobby tells Sam to get him to calm down.

'Cool it sammy, it's Dean' I tell my younger brother and he stares at Dean in shock as the struggle slowly goes out of his body.

'What...' Dean advances cautiously, staring at Sam 'I know. I look fantastic, huh?'

I glance at Bobby who nods and we both let go of Sam, who looks on the verge of tears as he steps forward and pulls Dean into a

desperate hug.

They embrace for several seconds, heavy with emotion, as Bobby looks on with tears in his eyes. I glance away, feeling a pain in my chest as I realise how close my brothers had become without me. I know it was my choice to leave and I didn't have the right to feel this way but I couldn't help it.

Sam pushes Dean back to arm's length when the woman, who was looking on, confused spoke up 'So are you two like... together?'

'What?' Dean mutters and looks like he just realised she was there before shaking his head 'No. No. He's my brother'.

'Uh... got it. I... I guess. Look, I should probably go' she nods.

'Yeah. Yeah, that's probably a good idea. Sorry'.

I watch sitting on the bed with Dean and Bobby as Sam, now wearing a white button-down, opens the door to let the women, now dressed in a blue plaid shirt, out. 'So, call me' she says turning around to look at him.

'Yeah' Sam nods 'Yeah, sure thing, Kathy'.

Her face takes a turn of disappointment 'Kristy'.

Sam looks surprised for a second before nodding 'Right'. She leaves, and Sam shuts the door.

Sam comes back into the room and sits down, not noticing as the three of you stare at Sam suspiciously.

'So tell me, what'd it cost?' Dean questioned Sam, his arms crossed.

Sam smiles 'The girl? I don't pay, Dean' I roll my eyes at his words, leaning back against the headboard of the bed.

'That's not funny, Sam' Dean glared 'To bring me back. What'd it cost? Was it just your soul, or was it something worse?'

'You think I made a deal?' Sam scoffed in disbelief.

'That's exactly what we think' I spoke up

'Well, I didn't and last time I checked you weren't a hunter anymore Al. So what are you doing here?' He questioned, looking at his sister.

'Dean found me, thanks for letting me know about his death by the way I glared at my younger brother and a guilty look crosses his face.

Dean ignores the both of us and turns to Sam, looking at him intensely 'Don't lie to me'.

Sam turns to look at him in disbelief 'I'm not lying'.



Dean moved forward, advancing on Sam 'So what now, I'm off the hook and you're on, is that it? You're some demon's bitch-boy? I didn't want to be saved like this'.

'Look, Dean, I wish I had done it, all right?' Sam stated standing up to face him. As soon as Dean grabbed Sam by the front of his shirt I sat up, ready to intervene if things got ugly.

'There's no other way that this could have gone down. Now tell the truth!'

Sam shoves Dean off of him 'I tried everything. That's the truth. I tried opening the Devil's Gate. Hell, I tried to bargain, Dean, but no demon would deal, all right? You were rotting in Hell for months. For months, and I couldn't stop it. So I'm sorry it wasn't me, all right?' Sam muttered, a guilty and ashamed look overtaking his features 'Dean, I'm sorry'.

'It's okay, Sammy' Dean relents 'You don't have to apologize, I believe you'.

'Don't get me wrong' Bobby speaks up, straightening up 'I'm gladdened that Sam's soul remains intact, but it does raise a sticky question'.

'If he didn't pull me out, then what did?'

## 2. Chapter 2

I sit on the couch, relaxing against the comfortable seat, Bobby and Dean beside me. Sam enters and passes out a bottle of beer to each of us before sitting across from Dean.

'So what were you doing around here if you weren't digging me out of my grave?' Dean questions while I pop the bottle cap and take a sip.

'Well, once I figured out I couldn't save you, I started hunting down Lilith, trying to get some payback' Sam tells him. I frown, not knowing who Lilith is but I let it slide for now deciding to ask later.

'All by yourself. Who do you think you are, your old man?' Bobby accuses.

'Uh, yeah, I'm sorry, Bobby. I should have called. I was pretty messed up, Sam apologizes while Dean gets up and crosses the room. Dean picks up a pink flowered bra and he holds it up.

'Oh yeah. I really feel your pain' he says sarcastically and I roll my eyes, not wanting to picture my little brother doing "it".

'Change of subject please' I plead.

Sam coughs 'Anyways, uh, I was checking these demons out of Tennessee, and out of nowhere they took a hard left, booked up here'.

'When?' Dean questioned him.

'Yesterday morning' Sam shrugs.

'When I busted out' Dean mutters in realization.

'You think these demons are here 'cause of you?' Bobby wonders.

'But why?' I speak up.

'Well, I don't know â€" some badass demon drags me out and now this? It's gotta be connected somehow' Dean sigh, taking a seat.

'How you feelin', anyway?' Bobby suddenly questioned looking at Dean curiously.

'I'm a little hungry' Dean shrugs.

'No, I mean, do you feel like yourself? Anything strange, or different?' Bobby wondered and Dean frowned.

'Or demonic? Bobby, how many times do I have to prove I'm me?' He sighed exasperated.

'Yeah. Well, listen. No demon's letting you loose out of the goodness of their hearts. They've gotta have something nasty planned' Bobby reasoned.

'Well, I feel fine' Dean assured him.

'Okay, look, we don't know what they're planning. We got a pile of questions and no shovel. We need help Sam said and we all nodded in agreement.

'I know a psychic' bobby began 'A few hours from here. Something this big, maybe she's heard the other side talking'.

'Hell yeah, it's worth a shot'.

Bobby pulled out his cell phone 'I'll be right back' he tells us before leaving.

'I'm gonna go use the bathroom' I say, standing and leaving my two brothers to have the talk I know they're gonna have. Again I ignore the sharp pain in my chest at the thought of how much I had drifted apart from them.

Out in the parking lot, Bobby leads us down the motel steps towards the parked cars. 'She's about four hours down the Interstate' Bobby explained before reaching his car 'Try to keep up' he smiles before hopping inside. I smile, boy have I missed that man.

'I assume you'll want to drive' Sam pulls the keys out of his right pocket and tosses them at Dean, who catches them easily.

Dean chuckles happily 'Oh, I almost forgot!' he approaches the Impala and runs a hand along it lovingly 'Hey, sweetheart, did you miss me?'

'He's still got an unhealthy attachment to that car?' I ask in

disbelief.

'You have no idea, Sam tells me before sliding into the passenger seat. I sigh before climbing into the backseat.

'What the hell is that?' Dean demands glaring at Sam. I frown wondering what he was going on about.

'That's an iPod jack' Sam explains and oh, I get it now. Dean and his cassette tapes.

'You were supposed to take care of her, not douche her up' Dean glares

'Dean, I thought it was my car' Sam argued

Dean sneers, sighs, and then turns the key in the ignition. "Vision" by Jason Marns begins to play. Dean rolls his eyes and glares at Sam again, looking pained. I laugh before covering a hand over my mouth. 'Really?' Dean says looking at his brother in disbelief.

Sam shrugs innocently, so Dean rips the iPod out of the jack and tosses it in the back seat, just dodging my face. 'Aw come on I like that song' I whine sarcastically and he glared at me before pulling out of the parking lot.

Driving down a dark road in the middle of the night, I glance window up at the stars flashing above the tree tops when Dean speaks up 'There's still one thing that's bothering me'.

'Yeah?'

'Yeah, the night that I bit it. Or... got bit' he chuckles at his own wit while both me and Sam roll our eyes 'How'd you make it out? I thought Lilith was going to kill you' again with this Lilith character, I'm guessing she some demon that has it for them.

'Well, she tried. She couldn't' a frown appeared on both mine and Dean's face at Sam's words and we look at him in confusion.

'What do you mean, she couldn't?'

'She fired this, like, burning light at me, and... didn't leave a scratch. Like I was immune or something' Sam explained.

'Immune?' I ask in disbelief, I've never heard of anything like that before.

'Yeah. I don't know who was more surprised, her or me. She left pretty fast after that' Sam said, shrugging it off.

'Huh' Dean said before asking 'What about Ruby, where is she?' Ruby, another person I don't know.

'Dead. For now' Sam says and I marrow my eyes slightly as I see one of his fingers twitching as he speaks. He's lying.

Dean however doesn't notice and I decide not to bring it up. I watch as Dean bites his lip, like he's not sure he wants to ask 'So you've been using your, uh, freaky ESP stuff?'

'Freaky ESP stuff?' I mutter to myself, having no idea what he was going on about life seriously how much did I miss other these past years. Probably a lot.

'No' Sam shakes his head immediately.

'You sure about that? Well, I mean, now that you've got... immunity, whatever the hell that is... just wondering what other kind of weirdo crap you've got going on' Dean says in almost an accusing tone.

'Nothing, Dean. Look, you didn't want me to go down that road, so I didn't go down that road. It was practically your dying wish' I wince slightly at the mention of a dying wish, the idea that Dean had actually died and I had no idea about it still killed me inside.

'Yeah, well, let's keep it that way' Dean nods and I lean back in the backseat while Sam broods in the passenger seat. I look at my younger brother, wondering what he was hiding?

We arrive at Pamela's house in the early morning and Bobby knocks on the door. A women with dark hair, in her early thirties comes out I quickly assume she's Pamela. 'Bobby!' She grabs him into a hug, lifting him briefly off the ground. I share a small smile with my brothers at the action.

'You're a sight for sore eyes' Bobby tells her. Pamela steps back and looks Sam and Dean up and down appraisingly.

'So, these the boys?' She turns to me 'and this is the sister' wow she really must be psychic.

'Sam, Dean, Allison. This is Pamela Barnes, best damn psychic in the state' Bobby introduces.

'Hey' Dean greets with a flirty smile.

'Hi' Sam and I say as well.

'Mmm-mmm-mmm' Pamela and Bobby share a look 'Dean Winchester, Out of the fire and back in the frying pan, huh? Makes you a rare individual' Pamela states looking at Dean.

Dean shrugs 'If you say so'.

'Come on in' Pamela gestures, ushering us all inside. Once we're all in she shuts the door

'So, you hear anything?' Bobby questions

'Well, I Ouija'd my way through a dozen spirits. No one seems to know who broke your boy out, or why' Pamela told us

'So what's next?' I ask

'A sã@nce, I think. See if we can see who did the deed' she says.

'You're not gonna... summon the damn thing here' Bobby questions warily.

'No. I just want to get a sneak peek at it. Like a crystal ball without the crystal' she explains before move into another room.

'I'm game' Dean shrugs following after her.

I watch as Pamela spreads a black tablecloth covered in symbols over a small table and move closer to see if I recognize any of them. 'Who's Jesse?' Dean speaks up and I look over to see a tattoo of 'Jesse forever' across the bottom of Pamela's back.

She laughs 'well, it wasn't forever'

'His loss' Dean shrugs and she moves to stand in front of him with several candles in her hands.

'Might be your gain' she smirks and I look over at Bobby who rolls his eyes making me smile.

Soon enough we were all sitting around the table, which now has six lighted candles in the center 'Right. Take each other's hands' Pamela instructs and I grab hold of both Dean and Sam's hands as I'm sat in between them 'And I need to touch something our mystery monster touched'.

Pamela slides her hand along Dean's inner thigh and he jumps at the movement 'Whoa. Well, he didn't touch me there' Dean states.

'My mistake' Pamela smiles.

Dean looks around, nervous, then takes off his outer shirt, pulls up his left t-shirt sleeve to reveal the hand print brand. I watch as Sam stares at it in shock before glancing at both me and Bobby though we have no answers for him either.

Pamela lays her hand on the brand 'Okay' All five of us close put eyes as she begins to chant 'I invoke, conjure, and command you, appear unto me before this circle. I invoke, conjure, and command you, appear unto me before this circle. I invoke, conjure, and command you, appear unto me before this circle'

My eyes flick open as a television flicks on to static and I look at Dean worried as she continues 'I invoke, conjure, and command...' She pauses 'Castiel? No. Sorry, Castiel, I don't scare easy'

'Castiel?' Dean speaks in confusion.

'Its name. It's whispering to me, warning me to turn back' she tells him and white noise and static continues, as the table begins to shake 'I conjure and command you, show me your face' Pamela chants 'I conjure and command you, show me your face. I conjure and command you, show me your face. I conjure and command you, show me your face'.

As the white noise and rattling become more violent, Bobby speaks up 'Maybe we should stop'.

'I almost got it' Pamela reassures but we all watch concerned as she continues to chant 'I command you, show me your face!'

'Wait Pamela stop!' I warn.

She continues shouting "Show me your face now!". Suddenly the candles flare up several feet in the air and Pamela begins to scream. I watch in horror as her eyes fly open and are filled with a white-hot flame. She collapses; the rattling, white noise, and flames die out.

Bobby manages to catch her just in time and lowers her to the floor 'Call 9-1-1!' He demands and Sam races for the phone while Dean and I crowd around Pamela and Bobby.

She is conscious, but bleeding and burned. Her eyelids fly open to reveal black, empty sockets and I clasp my hand over my mouth in shock. Pamela begins to sob loudly 'I can't see! I can't see! Oh god!'

### 3. Chapter 3

I take a sip of my coffee as Dean and I sit in Johnny Mac's dinner. Pamela had been rushed to hospital as soon as the ambulance showed and Bobby went with her. Though we all already knew that there was almost nothing the doctors could do for her, after all her eyeball's had been burned straight out of her sockets.

It horrified and scared me all at the same time. I had never read or even heard of a supernatural being that could literally burn out someone's eyes.

Whoever this thing was it was one powerful being that was sure.

'Be up in a jiff' the waitress tells Dean after he places in her order before sauntering away. I looked over at my brother and could see a guilt in his eyes.

'Hey' I speak and put one of my hands on his "don't beat yourself up for this Dean. You had no idea what happened was going to happen' I could see him go to protest but I shook my head 'no Dean, it wasn't your fault, it was this Castiel's fault'

Dean sighs before nodding 'yeah, your right'

'Good and don't you forget it' I wink and he huffs a laugh. Sam joins us then, still on the phone to Bobby 'You bet' he hangs up before sitting.

'What'd Bobby say?' Dean wondered

'Pam's stable. And out of I.C.U.' Sam tells us.

'And blind' Dean inputs and despite the conversation we just had I could still see guilt in his eyes, yet I didn't hustle him about it, knowing that my eyes most likely reflected it and from what I could see so did Sam's.

'And we still have no clue who we're dealing with' Sam adds.

'That's not entirely true' Dean shakes his head.

'No?' Sam raises his eyebrows.

'We got a name. Castiel, or whatever. With the right mumbo-jumbo we could summon him, bring him right to us' Dean explains and both Sam and I share a worried look.

'You're crazy' I say just as Sam shakes his head 'Absolutely not'

'We'll work him over. I mean, after what he did?' Dean says

'Pam took a peek at him and her eyes burned out of her skull, and you want to have a face to face?' Sam questions in disbelief.

'You got a better idea Sammy?' Dean wonders looking at him.

'Yeah, as a matter of fact I do' Sam nods and both Dean and I look at him more interested 'I followed some demons to town, right?'

'Okay' Dean nods, slowly seeing where Sam was getting at.

'So, we go find them. Someone's gotta know something about something' Sam reasons. Just then The waitress reappears with three plates of pie. She sets them on the table, 'Thanks' Sam nods at her.

Instead of walking away, the waitress then plops down in a chair at the end of the table. We all share a confused look before Dean turns to look at her, smirking 'You angling for a tip?' He questions.

'I'm sorry' she apologizes 'Thought you were looking for us' Her eyes go demon-black and we all sit up straight going into hunter mode immediately. Looking around I see a uniformed man by the counter and a cook behind the counter their eyes also a demon-black; the uniform man goes to the door, locks it, and stands in front of it.

I reach back into my pocket and ready my gun as the demon waitress's eyes go back to normal, looking at Dean 'Dean. To hell and back. Aren't you a lucky duck'.

Dean smiles 'That's me'.

'So you get to just stroll out of the pit, huh? Tell me. What makes you so special?' She wonders, leaning forward.

'I like to think it's because of my perky nipples' Dean smirks but her expression remains stony and the smirk drops 'I don't know. Wasn't my doing, I don't know who pulled me out'.

'Right. You don't' she nods, disbelieving.

'No. I don't' Dean nods

'Lying's a sin, you know' she says and I scoff.

'Say the demon' I mutter and she glares at me before smirking.

'Looks like the runaway Winchester had decided to come back home' she

counters and my eyes narrow at her.

'Look I'm not lying' Dean starts, taking the attention off of me thankfully 'But I'd like to find out, so if you wouldn't mind enlightening me, Flo...'

'Mind your tone with me, boy' she snaps 'I'll drag you back to hell myself'.

Sam, who has been staring daggers at her through this exchange, shifts as if to attack but Dean holds a hand up and Sam stops, settles back into his seat. I still tighten my grip on the gun in my pocket, it would kill the thing but it would still wound it just enough for us to pull some real damage.

'No, you won't' Dean says

She raises her eyebrow 'No?'

'No. Because if you were you would have done it already' he says and by the way she shifts in her seat, it shows her right 'Fact is, you don't know who cut me loose. And you're just as spooked as we are. And you're looking for answers. Well, maybe it was some turbo-charged spirit. Or, uh, Godzilla. Or some big bad boss demon. I'm guessing at your pay grade that they don't tell you squat. Because whoever it was, they want me out. And they're a lot stronger than you. So go ahead. Send me back. But don't come crawling to me when they show up on your front doorstep with some Vaseline and a fire hose'

'I'm going to reach down your throat and rip out your lungs' she glares at him angrily.

DEAN leans forward, a challenge in his eyes. He throws a right hook at her, which she takes. He throws another and she still does nothing but glare at them, looking more and more nervous. I smirk slightly, knowing that Dean had the demon right where he wanted it and I slip my gun back into my pocket.

'That's what I thought. Let's go, Sam, Allison' Dean stands up and we quickly follow suit while the demon sits there fuming. Dean pulls a roll of cash out of his pocket and carefully peels off a ten dollar bill. He holds it up and drops it on the table like an insult 'For the pie'.

We all walk out of the diner and across the street, tense and quick 'Holy crap, that was close' Dean breathes out.

'No kidding' I agree immediately.

'We're not just going to leave them in there, are we, Dean?' Sam questions, glancing back at the diner.

'Well yeah, there's three of them, probably more, and we've only got one knife between us' he reasons.

'I've been killing a lot more demons than that lately' Sam says and I frown slightly, wondering exactly what he meant by that.

'Not anymore â€" the smarter brother's back in town' Dean smiles on insult not seeing the hidden meaning behind Sam's words.



'Dean, we've got to take 'em. They are dangerous' Sam argues.

'They're scared. Okay? Scared of whatever had the juice to yank me out. We're dealing with a bad mofo here. One job at a time' Dean tells him before climbing into the car. I see seam glance back at the diner, an angry look in his eyes which makes me frown before he climbs into the passenger seat. I climb in after him.

I'm jolted awake at the sound of a loud high iced noise echoing throughout the hotel. We had all gone back there to sleep for the night apparently something else had other plans.

'Dean what the hell is going on?!' I shout seeing my brother, holding a shotgun in one of his hands.

'I don't know! He called back before the sound got louder. I go over to him, gun in my own hand as we circle each other looking around for any source of this Castiel.

A mirror on the ceiling suddenly shatters and rains broken glass down on both of us. A scream rips through my throat as Dean pulls me down, hovering over me protectively as the glass falls on us.

We both clutch at our ears trying to drone out the sound as all the glass in the room continues to shatter explosively.

Bobby suddenly bursts into the room as more glass shatters 'Dean! Allison!' He yells and suddenly the sound completely stops, the Tv shutting off and no more glass shattered, not like there was much left anyway.

I remove my hands from my ears wincing slightly, seeing glass embedded into my skin despite Dean's protection, drawing small rivers of blood, . 'Bloody hell' I wince sitting up.

'Looks like it came back' Bobby muttered, looking around the destroyed hotel room.

'You think' Dean said sarcastically, sitting up as well. Pieces of glass were stuck in his skin as well worse than me. We all look around the room, 'let's get out of here' Dean said and Bobby and I both nod.

Bobby drives his car as Dean, in the passenger's seat, wipes blood from his face. I wince as I pluck another piece of glass out of my arm with a pair of tweezers, sitting in the backseat.

'How you doin', you two?' Bobby asks looking. At the both of us concerned.

'Aside from the church bells ringing in my head, peachy'. Dean said sarcastically.

'We'll be fine Bobby' I assure him before letting out another wince as I yank another piece out.

Dean pulls out his cell phone and dials Sam's number, our younger brother hadn't been in the room earlier and had taken Dean's car

somewhere. 'What are you doing?' Dean demanded as soon as Sam picked up.

I lean forward to hear what Sam says 'Couldn't sleep, went to get a burger' he tells Dean.

'In my car?'

'Force of habit, sorry. What are you doing up?' Sam questions

'Well, uh, Bobby's back. We're going to grab a beer' Dean said and both Bobby and I share a shocked look. Dean holds up a finger to keep us quiet.

'All right, well, uh, spill some for me, huh?' Sam replies.

'Done. Catch you later' Dean tells him before hanging up to face both mine and Bobby's accusing looks.

'Why the hell didn't you tell him?' Bobby interrogated.

'Because he just tried to stop us' dean explains but only causes us to frown further in confusion.

'From what?' I question, looking at him from the space between the two car seats.

'Summoning this thing' Dean says and is faced with the same shocked look as before from the two of us. 'It's time we faced it head-on'

'You can't be serious!' Bobby shouted in disbelief.

'As a heart attack. It's high noon, baby' Dean nods.

'Well, we don't know what it is. It could be a demon, it could be anything' I point out.

'That's why we've got to be ready for anything' Dean pulls out a demon killing knife 'We've got the big-time magic knife, you've got an arsenal in the trunk...'

'This is a bad idea' Bobby mutters.

'A very bad idea' I agree, leaning back into the seat.

'Yeah, I couldn't agree more, but what other choice do we have?' Dean says

'We could choose life' Bobby points out.

'I vote life!' I say from the backseat, raising my hand.

'Look, whatever this is, whatever it wants, it's after me. That much we know, right? I've got no place to hide. I can either get caught with my pants down again, or we can make our stand' Dean reasons.

'Dean, we could use Sam on this' Bobby points out.

'Nah, he's better off where he is'.

The three of us stand in an abandoned warehouse, Dean organising the weapons while Bobby and I spray paint different symbols across the walls, ceiling and floor.

'That's a hell of an art project you've got going there' Dean points out as he sets more weapons down onto the table.

'Traps and talismans from every faith on the globe. How you doin?'

Bobby asks coming up to him. I finish off another demon trap similar on the wall in black paint before walking over to them.

'Stakes, iron, silver, salt, knife. I mean, we're pretty much set to catch and kill anything I've ever heard of' he explains.

'This is still a bad idea' I mutter coming to stand behind him, picking up a shotgun.

'Yeah, Ally, I heard you the first ten times' Dean sighs before turning to look at Bobby 'What do you say we ring the dinner bell?'

Bobby nods reluctantly before he goes over to another desk, takes a pinch of some powder from a bowl, and sprinkles it into a larger bowl, which begins to smoke. He begins to chant in Latin a spell to summon Castiel.

Dean, Bobby and I all sit around on the tables, swinging our legs and looking bored. We had been waiting for ages for Castiel to appear because so far there was nothing. 'You sure you did the ritual right?' Dean questions for the millionth time, Bobby gives him a look 'Sorry. Touchy, touchy, huh?'

As if on cue, a loud rattling shakes the roof. Here we go, I think before grabbing the shotgun from bedside, Bobby and Dean doing the same thing. We move back and take positions at the far end of the warehouse.

'Wishful thinking, but maybe it's just the wind' Dean says and I roll my eyes.

'It's never just the win dean' I point out. Almost to prove my point the warehouse door bursts open. I couldn't help but think how handsome the guy actually looked with black messy hair and bright blue eyes in a business suit and trench coat stalking inside.

However as the light bulbs above his head shatter in a shower of sparks as he passes them, I remember what he is and as he approaches, I open fire along with Dean and Bobby. However the shots do not even slow him down, merely creating small holes in his coat. What the hell?

I notice Dean grabbing the demon killing knife before he pushes me back slightly, standing in front of me protectively, just like he always did when we were hunting together.

'Who are you?' Dean demands as the man comes to a stop in front of him.

'I'm the one who gripped you tight and raised you from perdition' he spoke in a deep, gravelly voice.

'Yeah. Thanks for that' Dean nods and Castiel smiles slightly. Dean rears back and plunges the knife into Castiel's chest. He merely looks down, unconcerned, and pulls it out, dropping it to the floor.

'Holy shit' I mutter in disbelief.

Behind Castiel, Bobby attacks with a silver crowbar; without looking, he grabs Bobby's weapon and uses it to swing him around. Castiel reaches up and touches Bobby on the forehead with fingertips and he crumples to the ground.

'Bobby!' I shout and rush forward only to come face to face with those blue eyes. They were the last thing I saw before he reached up and touched my forehead and everything went black.

As Allison's body crumples to the floor, Castiel turns around to face Dean 'We need to talk, Dean' he glanced down at both Allison's and Bobby's bodies 'Alone'.

Dean glares at him before bending down and pulling his sister's head into his lap, to check her pulse. 'Your sister and friend are alive' Castiel assures him.

'Who are you?' Dean glares at him standing, after placing Allison's head gently back down onto the floor.

'Castiel' he replies.

'Yeah, I figured that much, I mean what are you?' Dean questions

Castiel pauses before looking back up at Dean 'I'm an Angel of the Lord'.

Dean stares at him before scoffing in disbelief 'Get the hell out of here. There's no such thing'.

"This is your problem, Dean' Castiel speaks moving closer 'You have no faith'. Lightning flashes from behind, and on Castiel's back great shadowy wings appear, stretching off into the distance. Dean stares at the wings in slight shock before the light goes out and the image disappears.

He masks his shock quickly and glares at him 'Some angel you are. You burned out that poor woman's eyes'.

'I warned her not to spy on my true form' Castiel spoke, sounding almost regretful 'It can be... overwhelming to humans, and so can my real voice. But you already knew that'

Dean frowned at his words 'You mean the gas station and the motel. That was you talking?' Castiel nods 'Buddy, next time, lower the volume'.

'That was my mistake' Castiel began 'Certain people, special people,

can perceive my true visage. I thought you would be one of them. I was wrong'.

'And what visage are you in now, huh? What, holy tax accountant?' He wonders looking down at Castiel's suit and trench coat.

'This?' Castiel looks down at his body, only the trench coat back slightly 'This is... a vessel'.

'You're possessing some poor bastard?' Dean glares at him.

'He's a devout man, he actually prayed for this' Castiel assures but Dean was not very reassured.

'Well, I'm not buying what you're selling, so who are you really?' He asks.

Castiel frowns 'I told you'.

'Right. And why would an angel rescue me from Hell?' Dean demands.

'Good things do happen, Dean' Castiel tells him and Dean scoffs.

'Not in my experience' he replies, his voice quieter.

'What's the matter?' Castiel frowns moving closer before his blue eyes widen in realization 'You don't think you deserve to be saved?'

Dean ignores the question that sounded a whole lot more like a statement and asked 'Why'd you do it?'

Castiel straightened up and faced him 'Because God commanded it. Because we have work for you'.

#### 4. Chapter 4

I roll my eyes frustrated inside Bobby's kitchen. Dean and Sam had been arguing ever since we got back here with new that Dean had been pulled out of hell by an Angel. It seemed a bit far fetched but after what I saw back at the warehouse, where known of our weapons worked on castiel and none of the symbols worked either well an angel was pretty damn possible right now.

'Well, then tell me what else it could be' Sam spoke, looking up at Dean from his seat in the kitchen.

'Look, all I know is I was not groped by an Angel' Dean stated, crossing his arms defiantly.

'Okay, look, Dean. Why do you think this Castiel would lie to you about it?' I questioned, speaking up.

'Maybe he's some kind of demon. Demons lie' Dean argued and both Sam and I roll our eyes in unison at his arguemnet.

'A demon who's immune to salt rounds and devil's traps... and Ruby's

knife?' Sam questioned in disbelief 'Dean, Lilith is scared of that thing!'

'Don't you think that if angels were real, that some hunter somewhere would have seen one... at some point... ever?' Dean points out.

'Yeah' I nod before looking at him 'You just did, Dean'

He glares at me a girly 'I'm trying to come up with a theory here. Okay? Work with me'.

'Dean, we have a theory' Sam sighs.

'Yeah, one with a little less fairy dust on it, please' Dean said.

'Okay, look. I'm not saying we know for sure. I'm just saying that I think we -' Dean interrupted Sam 'Okay, okay. That's the point. We don't know for sure, so I'm not gonna believe that this thing is a freaking Angel of the Lord because it says so!'

'You three chuckleheads want to keep arguing religion, or do you want to come take a look at this?' Bobby speaks up and we all look over at him before moving into the study. 'I got stacks of lore - Biblical, pre-Biblical. Some of it's in damn cuneiform. It all says an angel can snatch a soul from the pit' I look over seeing a picture of an angel, putting their hand on a soul's shoulder in hell. I also notice Dean rubbing his own hand over the brand on his shoulder.

'What else?' Dean wonders.

'What else, what?' Bobby asks with a confused frown.

'What else could do it?' Dean explains.

'Airlift your ass out of the hot box? As far as I can tell, nothing' Bobby says and both Sam and I look at Dean pointedly and he sighs annoyed.

'Dean, this is good news' Sam point out

'How?' He asks in disbelief, not seeing what Sam was getting at.

'Because for once, this isn't just another round of demon crap. I mean, maybe you were saved by one of the good guys, you know?' Sam explains.

'Okay. Say it's true. Say there are angels. Then what? There's a God?' Dean wonders, his tone expressing his disbelief for the whole matter.

'At this point, Vegas money's on yeah' I nod

'I don't know, guys' Dean shakes his head, stepping back slightly

'Okay, look. I know you're not all choirboy about this stuff, but this is becoming less and less about faith and more and more about

proof' Sam told him.

'Proof?'

'Yes' Sam nods. I roll my eyes, slowly getting more and more tired of this arguemnet collapsing down on one of the chairs.

'Proof that there's a God out there that actually gives a crap about me personally? I'm sorry, but I'm not buying it' Dean exclaims.

'Why not?' Sam wondered, looking at Dean for answers.

Dean phases for a second before continuing 'Because why me? If there is a God out there, why would he give a crap about me?'

'Dean -' I begin but Dean interrupts 'I mean, I've saved some people, okay? I figured that made up for the stealing and the ditching chicks. But why do I deserve to get saved? I'm just a regular guy' he states.

'Apparently, you're a regular guy that's important to the man upstairs' Sam points out.

'Well, that creeps me out' Dean exclaims and I smile slightly 'I mean, I don't like getting singled out at birthday parties, much less by... God'

'Okay, well, too bad, Dean, because I think he wants you to strap on your party hat' I speak up and he sighs frustrated.

'Fine' he finally relents 'What do we know about angels?'

Bobby picks up a pile of fat and weighty looking books and puts them in front of all of us, he taps the top of the pile 'Start reading', my expression completely drops, he can't be serious?

'You're gonna get me some pie' Dean tells Sam angrily before grabs a book from the top of the pile. I sigh loudly, grabbing the next book on the pile.

'I hate research'

'Alright you two, time to go' Bobby spoke coming back into the room and both Dean and I look up at him from the top of our books.

'Why? what's wrong?' I question, closing the book.

'I got a friend, a hunter, Olivia Lowry a state over. She,s a bit of a researcher so I've been trying to reach her about this whole Angel business for the past three days. No answer' Bobby explains.

'You wanna go check up on her?' Dean guesses and Bobby nods, 'Alright let's go' he says, slamming the book closed.

Sam pulls up beside us, as we load up Bobby's car out in the garage and Bobby approaches the car window, 'Keep the engine running' he tells him.

'Why? What's going on?' Sam asked, confused.

'I got a friend one state over - Olivia Lowry. I've been trying to reach her for three days on this angel thing. It's not like her to ignore this many calls'.

'Olivia Lowry - a hunter, right?' Sam guesses.

'Yeah. We're gonna go check on her. You guys follow me' he tells us and we all nod.

I slid into the backseat, Dean approaching the driver's side of the car, as Bobby heads to his own car 'Scoot over' he tells Sam who nods and moves over. Dean grabs the bag of food Sam bought back and looks inside it. 'Dude?'

'Yeah?' Sam ask, looking back over at him.

'Where's the pie?'

We reach Olivia's place a couple of hours later and we each enter the house, armed with a gun, Bobby in front. 'Olivia?' Bobby calls and we make our way into the house.

We make our way into the house before Bobby stops dead, looking into the house. I turn and quickly cover my mouth to stop myself from being sick at the sight. Olivia laid on the floor, chest ripped apart, with her ribs snapped outwards, blood everywhere. Bobby quickly walks away, out of the room.

'Bobby?' Dean calls after him concerned but Bobby leaves the house.

'Salt line' Sam observes seeing the the salt line across the doorway. I stay back so I actually don't be sick while the boys move further in.

Dean picks up the EMF reader from a shelf, loaded with weapons 'Olivia was rocking the EMF meter' he observes.

Sam nods 'Spirit activity'.

'Yeah - on steroids. I never seen a ghost do that to a person' I mutter, staring down at the sight and the boys nod agreeing.

Bobby enters the room again, his phone in his hands 'Bobby, you all right?' Dean questions.

'I called some hunters nearby...' Bobby begins but Dean cuts him off 'Good. We can use their help' '...except they ain't answering their phones either' Bobby interrupts.

'Something's up, huh?' Sam guesses.

'You think?' Bobby says sarcastically before he walks out of the room, leaving the rest of us to look after him concerned.

I sigh loudly, 'This is not good'



Closing the door to a white country house, I walked down the steps with Dean and Sam, Dean on the phone to Bobby, 'We're at Jed's. It's not pretty. He looks even worse than Olivia. What about you?' Dean explains before questioning him. I cringe slightly, remembering how Jed looked, chest ripped out and blood all over the place.

'What the hell is going on here, Bobby? Why did a bunch of ghosts suddenly want to gank off-duty hunters?' Dean questions as we head towards the impala. 'We're on our way'

'I seriously don't like this' I mutter climbing into the backseat.

'Yeah me neither' Dean agree as he starts up the impala.

I shift around the in the backseat blinking my eyes open to see we were still on the road. I'm about to fall back to sleep when I catch sight of Sam, dark purple bruises decorating his face. I jump up in my seat 'Oh my god sam what happened?' I demand turning try brother's face to look at me.

He shrugs me off though 'I'm fine Allison, just a little run in with a ghost at the service station a few miles back' he explains. I sigh at the bad news, great the ghosts of our past are coming back to haunt us as well, how fun.

'Damn it, Bobby! Pick up!' Dean suddenly shouts, looking. Down at his phone in a glare before he turns to look at Sam, phone back to his ear 'how you feeling, huh? How many fingers am I holding up?'

'None. I'll be fine, Dean' Sam assures him.

'Henriksen?' Dean mutters in disbelief

'Yep' Sam nods, I decide not to ask who henriksen is, only knowing that he was the ghost that attacked Sam.

'Why? What did he want?' Dean questioned.

'Revenge, 'cause we got him killed' Sam said, his voice small and defeated.

'Sam' Dean warns.

'Well, we did, Dean' Sam muttered.

Dean slammed his phone shut 'All right. Stop right there. Whatever the hell is going on, it's happening to us now, okay? I can't get ahold of Bobby, so if you're not thinking answers, don't think at all' Dean snaps.

We reach Bobby's place, early the next morning and the boys quickly climb out guns at the ready heading for the house. I go to follow after them when I see something move out in the corner of my eye. I retighten my grip on my shotgun and with a glance at my brothers I make my way towards where I saw the shadowed figure.

I make my way through a row of cars 'Bobby?' I call out hesitantly and spin around when I hear something clatter to the floor from behind me. 'Who's there?' I call out, realising that it wasn't

Bobby.

I turn around again and freeze in place. A teenage boy stood in front of me with dark hair and bright honey coloured eyes. His clothes, an original plaid shirt and jeans ensemble were ripped and torn with blood splattered against it. 'On my god' I breathed out in absolute shock

A charming smile danced across his features 'Hello Ally'.

'Jacob' I muttered in disbelief 'your... Your dead'

'Ah so you do remember me, I would hope so. After all your the reason I'm dead' he spoke, the smile dropping off his features and the brightness I used to see in his dimmed down into a murderous glare.

I rose my gun up slightly and he looked down at it, a dangerous smirk returning to his face 'your not going to shoot me. I know you wont' he said, taking another step forward and I hated myself for not shooting him but I couldn't, I couldn't do it and watch him disappear again.

'I'm sorry Jacob I'm so sorry' I whisper, chocking up slightly 'I didn't know'

'No you didn't' he spoke 'but it's still your fault. It's your fault I'm dead Allison. You might not have killed me, may not have dealt the final blow but it was your fault I was there'. As Jacob continued to speak he slowly moved closer and every one of my hunter instincts was telling me to shoot him and shoot him now, that he was real but a spirit of the boy I knew.

'I'm sorry' I choke out 'i didn't mean for it to happen... He but me off 'What? You didn't mean for to be killed or you didn't to mean to have me fall in love with you?' Jacob demanded.

'I'm sorry' was all I could say and an angry scowl appeared on his features.

'Sorry doesn't cut it anymore allison!' he glared before sending a right hook to my face, sending me sprawling to the ground with a choked groan.

'Sorry doesn't bring me back!' He yelled, kicking me in the stomach 'sorry doesn't make my parents happy again!' Another kick, moaning me cough 'sorry change the fact that my little brother killed himself!' I coughe duo blood at the final kick, a small red river trailing down my chin.

I looked behind me to see, my shotgun was sprawled just a little bit away from me. I began scrambling towards it between chocked breathes only to stop in pain as he sent another kick to my stomach. Forcing me to roll over, Jacob straddled my stomach ' "don't worry Jake, you'll be fine I promise" that's the last thing you said to me' he began and I looked up at him 'you broke your promise allison' with those words, his hand gripped around my throat and began to strangle me.

My hands reached up immediately and I tried to pull his hands away

from my throat but his grip was too strong and soon my lungs were screaming for air as he pushed down. 'Now you'll feel the pain that I felt being killed by someone you loved' Jacob whispered to me.

'Hey!' I heard sam yell from behind and Jacob's head snapped up only to disappear in a fire of smoke as Sam hit him with a salt round.

I gasped for much need air, coughing and splattering as I inhaled. I only then noticed the tears that had rolled down my cheeks and I quickly rubbed them away as Sam approached 'Hey, hey it's okay. Your okay' he assured me, pulling me into a hug and I felt like a little girl again, crying be uses of a nightmare as I clung to my little brother. Jacob's face haunting me.

We all crowd around in Bobby's study, all recovering from our individual spirit attacks 'So, they're all people we know?' Sam begins questioning.

'Not just know. People we couldn't save' Dean stated as he continued to load up his shotgun. I looked down, writing my hands together at his words Jacobs yells raining in my ears "you broke your promise Allison".

'Hey, I saw something on Meg. Did she have a tattoo when she was alive?' Dean suddenly questioned looking at Sam.

'I don't think so' Sam shook his head.

'It was like a-a mark on her hand - almost like a brand' Sam says pointing to the spot on his hand.

'I saw a mark, too, on Henriksen' Sam nodded in realisation.

'What did it look like?' bobby questioned

'Uh, paper?' Sam asks and I grab a piece from the pile next to me and hand it to him 'thanks' he nods before beginning to sketch out the mark.

Sam soon holds the drawing up for Dean to compare 'That's it' he nods.

Bobby grabs the paper and nods 'I may have seen this before' Bobby says befor won't ting down the paper and going over to a shelf, grabbing some books. Dean hands Sam the loaded shotgun just as the flicker 'We got to move' Bobby stated and I grabbed my shotgun from beside me.

Bobby passed Sam two books to hold 'Whoa' before going back for more.

'Follow me' Bobby orders.

'Okay, where are we going?' Sam questions and Bobby looks at him weirdly

'Some place safe, you idjit' Bobby picks up some books and leads the three of us down into a basement room. He opens up a steel door revealing a dark room the shadow of a fan spinning. He flicks on the

light and I see a pentagram underneath the fan. There's a devil's trap on the floor, weapons of all kinds on one wall, desk on another and several shelves of books and the things. There was also a single bed against the wall as well.

'Bobby, is this...' Sam begins running a hand down the metal wall.

'Solid iron. Completely coated in salt. 100% ghost-proof' Bobby tells us and an impressed smile crosses all our faces.

'You built a panic room?' Sam questioned in impressed surprise.

'I had a weekend off' Bobby shrugs and I chuckle

'Bobby' Dean begins pulling a gun off the weapons rack

'What?'

'You're awesome' Dean smiles, with an impressed chuckle 'Oh' he mutters and I turn to see a poster of a swimsuit model. I roll my eyes, men.

Soon enough, Dean and Sam were making salt rounds in iron bullets while Bobby and I shuffle through the books we brought for the mark Sam had drawn. 'See, this is why I can't get behind God' Dean suddenly speaks.

'What are you talking about?' Sam questions, finishing off another bullet.

'If he doesn't exist, fine. Bad crap happens to good people. That's how it is. There's no rhyme or reason - just random, horrible, evil - I get it, okay. I can roll with that' I nod, slowly understanding where he was getting at 'But if he is out there, what's wrong with him? Where the hell is he while all these decent people are getting torn to shreds? How does he live with himself? You know, why doesn't he help?' He snaps, throwing away a broken capsule.

Sam looks over at us and I shrug looking away while Bobby speaks 'I ain't touching this one with a 10-foot pole'

'Yeah' Dean mutters facing the wall, irritated.

'Found it' Bobby calls and I quickly look over.

'What?' Sam gapes.

'The symbol you saw - the brand on the ghosts...' 'Yeah?' Sam pushes.

'Mark of the Witness' I read off the page.

'Witness? Witness to what?' Sam questions with a confused frown.

'The unnatural' Bobby explains 'None of them died what you'd call ordinary deaths' I nod, knowing that was true enough 'See, these ghosts - they were forced to rise. They woke up in agony. They were

like rabid dogs. It ain't their fault. Someone rose them... on purpose'.

'Who?' Sam wonders.

'Do I look like I know?' Bobby asked exasperated 'But whoever it was used a spell so powerful it left a mark, a brand on their souls" Sam stands up to look at the book 'Whoever did this had big plans. It's called "the rising of the witnesses." It figures into an ancient prophecy'.

'Wait, wait' Dean began, standing up 'What - what book is that prophecy from?' He wonders, standing by Sam.

'Well, the widely distributed version's just for tourists, you know. But long story short - Revelations. This is a sign, kids'

'A sign of what?' We all ask in unplanned unison.

Bobby pauses for a moment before speaking 'The apocalypse'

## 6. Chapter 6

'Apocalypse?' Dean questions in disbelief 'The apocalypse, apocalypse? The four horsemen, pestilence, \$5-a-gallon-gas apocalypse?'

'That's the one' Bobby nods 'The rise of the witnesses is a - a mile marker' I sit back in my seat, rubbing my hands over my face wondering what the hell we've all got ourselves into.

'Okay, so, what do we do now?' Sam wonders.

Dean scoffs 'Road trip' he says and we all look at him as he walks away 'Grand Canyon, Star Trek Experience' he claps his hands together 'Bunny Ranch'

'First things first. How about we survive our friends out there?' Bobby says.

'Great. Any ideas aside from staying in this room until Judgment Day?' I wonder, looking over at him curiously.

'It's a spell' Bobby indicates the paper in front of him 'to send the witnesses back to rest. Should work'

'Should. Great' Sam scoffs.

'If I translate it correctly. I think I got everything we need here at the house' Bobby says.

'Any chance you got everything we need here in this room?' Dean wonders, smiling hopefully.

Bobby frowns in disbelief 'So, you thought our luck was gonna start now all of a sudden?' Dean winces in frustration as Bobby stands "Spell's got to be cast over an open fire'

'The fireplace in the library' Sam says in realisation.

'Bingo' Bobby nods standing by the door

'That's just not as appealing as a, uh, ghost-proof panic room, you know?' Dean says and both Sam and I nod with a heavy sigh.

We all prepare to leave the panic room, making sure our shotguns are loaded and ready to fire before crowding around the doorway. 'Cover each other' Bobby intercuts looking at us all 'And aim careful. Don't run out of ammo until I'm done, or they'll shred you. Ready?' With a nod, Bobby opens the door.

Sam looks out, holding his gun and when the coast was clear he stepped out, the rest of us following after him, guns raised. We all slowly head towards the stairs but when we reach them we stop. A ghost sits on the stairs, a young man in his early 20s with curly hair.

'Hey, Dean. You remember me?' He speaks with a smile.

'Ronald, huh? With the laser eyes? I wish I could say it's good to see you' Dean smiled.

'I am dead because of you' Ronald began his face taking on an angry scowl as he stood 'You were supposed to help me!'

Bobby suddenly shoots at Ronald and he disappears in a puff of smoke 'If you're gonna shoot, shoot. Don't talk' Bobby tells him before heading up the stairs. We all glance at each other before following after him.

Racing into the living room. Sam creates a salt circle and Dean starts the fire.

'Upstairs, linen closet - red hex box. It'll be heavy' Bobby instructs Sam who nods.

'Got it' he climbs up the stairs.

'Bobby' a little girl's voice echoes and I snap around. To see two identical twins staring at Bobby over the salt line. Dean and I both shoot at the girls and they disappear with a giggle.

'Kitchen. Cutlery drawer. It's got a false bottom. Hemlock, opium, wormwood' Bobby instructs Dean

'Opium?' Dean questions before he leaves.

'Go!' Bobby orders.

The girls reappear as Dean leaves for the kitchen. Bobby is drawing with chalk on the desk and tries to focus on this while the girls are there, 'Bobby. You walked right by us while that monster ate us all up'

'You could have saved us' the other girl mutters and I shoot at the both of them when I see Bobby hesitate.

The kitchen doors suddenly slam shut. 'Dean?' Both Bobby and I call out.

'I'm all right! Keep working!' Dean instructs through the door and I go over to try and open it but it doesn't budge.

'I thought you loved me Ally' I freeze again as Jacob appears beside me and I raise the gun up once, 'but the last time I checked, you don't get the person you loved killed' he glared and as soon as he moved forward, I quickly fired so he disappeared into smoke.

'Allison in the next room, I need you to grab the bottle on the top shelf, blue liquid inside' Bobby told me and I nod, hurrying towards the next room.

'How could you do that?' Jacob appears again, the doors slamming shut behind him and I feel like screaming and crying at him to leave.

I go to fire but he waves away my shotgun 'You said it was all going to be fine, that we would both get out alive. You lied to me ally' Jacob continued.

'I tried to help you, I tried my best to save you' I protested as I moved backwards towards the shelf where the bottle was.,

'You didn't try hard enough!' he screamed at me and I crashed back against the shelf, Jacob suddenly right in front of me 'that monster ripped me to shreds and you did nothing but scream!' He yelled, throwing a punch to my face.

I tried to speak but he cut me off 'oh I get, you were just a scared little 16 year old girl trying to play hunter like a father and brother. You had no idea the werewolf was travelling in a pack!' He hit me again, before grabbing my collar so I was facing him 'no, you were too focused on proving to your dad that you were just as good as Dean!' he punched me again and I went sprawling to the floor.

'But your not! Oh no cause Dean would have heard the other werewolf! All you did was scream my name even though the monster was right behind me!' I began crawling backwards as he shouted at me, ignoring the painful flashbacks flashing through my mind.

'That pure horror on your face Allison as that monster ripped his claws through my back, so far that it came out the other side was nothing compared to how I felt!' How it felt to die!' He yelled before a dark smirk appeared on his face 'no matter you'll feel it soon enough'

'Not today' I stated before pulling back my arm back, shotgun in hand and shot him in the face. I sighed out in relief as he disappeared in smoke before hauling to my feet and grabbing the bottle for Bobby.

I remembered the room just as Sam and Dean did, all of us putting ingredients onto the table for bobby.

Ronald appeared again as Dean was reloading his gun 'Ronald. Hey, come on, man. I thought we were pals' Dean smiled.

'That's when I was breathing' Ronald corrected 'Now I'm gonna eat you alive in'

'Well...come on, I'm not a cheeseburger' Dean cocked his gun and

points it at Ronald, but he had vanished. Bobby begins recites some Latin words but suddenly the windows burst open and a strong gust of wind fills the room.

The wind moves the salt so we are no longer protected by it and soon a young woman, meg appears but Sam quickly shoots at her, as Bobby. continues to recite the spell.

Ronald appears and we shoot at him. We continue to tire as the ghosts appear, sometimes, meg, sometimes henriksen, Jacob, Ronald and the little girls all of them appearing at one stage only to be blast away.

Henriksen suddenly knocks Dean's gun out of his hands when he is reloading, and approaches him. Dean grabs another gun, and shoots it, only to find it empty. He quickly picks up an iron rod and hits henriksen.

Meg appears and pushes Sam against the wall, trapping him there with a desk. Sam tries to push the desk away without success, 'sam!' both Dean and I yell in alarm.

'Cover Bobby!' He tells us.

Bobby continues to recite the spell and Sam keeps trying to get out from behind the desk. The two girls are sitting on the desk waiting. I fire as Ronald, henriksen and Jacob stalk towards me.

I hear a loud cry from behind and turn to see meg plunging a hand into Bobby's back. 'Dean!', he yells as he drops the bowl with spell ingredients.

Dean just manages to catch the bowl, 'Fireplace!' Bobby orders through pain and Dean chucks into the fire, the flames going up blue as a bright light filled the room. I quickly cover my eyes as the spell repels all the ghosts.

'Bobby?' Dean questions and hurries over. I help Sam push away the desk before crowding around Bobby. We help him up and he nods, indicating he is okay. I look around the destroyed roo. And sigh in relief, knowing that it was over for now.

Later that night Dean wakes up to the sound of fluttering wings. He turns around to find Castiel standing in the kitchen. Dean checks on Sam, seeing him fast asleep on the floor and then Allison, who merely turned around. On the couch still sleeping as well. He slowly walks over to join Castiel.

'Excellent job with the witnesses' Castiel congratulates his face still blank.

'You were hip to all this?', Dean questions in disbelief.

'I was, uh, made aware' Castiel nods.

'Well, thanks a lot for the angelic assistance' Dean spat out sarcastically 'You know, I almost got my heart ripped out of my chest'

'But you didn't' Castiel corrects.



'I thought angels were supposed to be guardians. Fluffy wings, halos - you know, Michael Landon. Not dicks' Dean glared and the crinkles on the corner of Castiel's mouth lifted.

'Read the Bible' Dean frowns 'Angels are warriors of God. I'm a soldier'.

'Yeah? Then, why didn't you fight?' Dean interrogated.

'I'm not here to perch on your shoulder. We had larger concerns'.

'Concerns?', Dean scoffs 'There were people getting torn to shreds down here!' Castiel exhaled calmly 'And, by the way, while all this is going on, where the hell is your boss, huh, if there is a God?'

'There's a God' Castiel states.

'I'm not convinced' Dean say and Castiel looked down 'Cause if there's a God, what the hell is he waiting for, huh? Genocide? Monsters roaming the earth? The freaking apocalypse? At what point does he lift a damn finger and help the poor bastards that are stuck down here?'

'The Lord works...' Castiel begins but Dean cuts him off 'If you say "mysterious ways," so help me, I will kick your ass' Castiel raises his hands up in surrender and most likely exasperation 'So, Bobby was right... about the witnesses. This is some kind of a... sign of the apocalypse'.

'That's why we're here' Castiel nods 'Big things afoot'.

'Do I want to know what kind of things?' Dean wondered.

'I sincerely doubt it, but you need to know. The rising of the witnesses is one of the 66 seals' Castiel went on to explain.

'Okay. I'm guessing that's not a show at SeaWorld'

'Those seals are being broken by Lilith' Castiel says looking over at Dean.

'She did the spell. She rose the witnesses'.

'Mm-hmm' Castiel nods 'And not just here. 20 other hunters are dead'.

'Of course. She picked victims that the hunters couldn't save so that they would barrel right after us' Dean nods.

'Lilith has a certain sense of humor' Castiel mutters.

'Well, we put those spirits back to rest' Dean pointed out.

'It doesn't matter. The seal was broken' Castiel tells him.

'Why break the seal anyway?' Dean wondered in confusion.

'You think of the seals as locks on a door' Castiel explains

'Okay. Last one opens and...' There's a brief moments of silence as Castile looks at him 'Lucifer walks free'.

'Lucifer? But I thought Lucifer was just a story they told at demon Sunday school. There's no such thing' Dean protested.

'Three days ago, you thought there was no such thing as me. Why do you think we're here walking among you now for the first time in 2,000 years?' Castiel questioned.

'To stop Lucifer' Dean breathed out in realisation.

'That's why we've arrived'

'Well...' Dean nods 'bang-up job so far. Stellar work with the witnesses. That's nice' he leans against the sink.

'We tried. And there are other battles, other seals. Some we'll win, some we'll lose. This one we lost' Dean scoffed and Castiel walked forward to stand in front of him 'Our numbers are not unlimited. Six of my brothers died in the field this week. You think the armies of Heaven should just follow you around? There's a bigger picture here. You should show me some respect. I dragged you out of Hell. I can throw you back in' Castiel vanishes, leaving Dean alone in the kitchen.

I'm cooking breakfast for all four of us when Dean gasps awake in his spot on the floor 'morning sleepyhead!' I call. Out and he glances over at me, blinking bleakly and Sam smiles before going back to the couch and grabbing a pair of boots.

'You all right? What's wrong, Dean?' Sam questioned, seeing the look on Dean,s face and I move closer to see what was up.

'So... You got no problem believing in... God and Angels?' Dean began

'No, not really' Sam shook his head.

'So, I guess that means that you believe in the Devil' Dean stated and Sam frowned looking at me for answers but I shrugged, not knowing what was going on with him all of a sudden.

'Why are you asking me all this?' Sam wondered and Dean looked before looking back up, and I could tell that what he was about to say. I was not going to like it one bit.

## 7. Chapter 7

'Allison, hey Ally, wake up!' I jolt awake and almost slam my fist in Dean,s face but he easily dodges it 'good to know something don't change' he muttered, referring to how I always used to throw a punch at him when he woke me up. Living as a hunter is a rough life, that all I'm gonna say.

'Dean, what the hell are you doing in here?' I demand, blinking the sleep out of my eyes.

'we have to go' was all Dean said as he began packing up my bags.

'Go? Go where?' I ask confused, sitting up in bed.

'To find Sam' he throws a shirt, jacket and some pants my way 'get dressed now' he orders before leaving. I hold the clothes and look after him confused out of my mind but I decided to do what he says and get changed, still wondering what the hell was going on?

We pull up to an empty warehouse Dean what the hell?, I begin but he shushes me 'just be quiet okay? He asks and I nod reluctantly and follow him inside.

We end up behind a fence and peer inside seeing Sam standing inside with a man tied to a chair and the woman from the motel standing a little bit further behind. 'Wh-' Dean claps a hand over my mouth to stop my questioning and I glare at him slightly but remain quiet.

'Where's Lilith?' Sam questions the man, who I assume is a demon, in the chair.

'Kiss my ass' His eyes go black but Sam only smiles at the comment.

'I'd watch myself if I were you' he warns.

'Why? Huh? Because you're Sam Winchester, Mr. Big Hero? And yet here you are, slutting around with some demon. Real hero' the demon taunts looking over at the woman and then back at Sam.

'Shut your mouth' Sam warns,

'Tell me about those months without your brother. About all the things you and this demon bitch do in the dark' I watch as the woman looks at Sam 'Huh? Tell me, hero'.

I watch as Sam raises his hand and the demon begins to cough, black smoke leaving the man's lips. The demon smoke burns through the floor, and SAM breathes, trying to get himself under control. The woman looks down on the floor where the demon burned through and a little smile plays on her lips. She looks over at Sam, and they exchange a look and Sam gets a little smile as well.

I pull Dean's hand away from my mouth and stare at my twin in shock and what I had just witnessed though DeanKa got a hard and dark look on his face, his eyes narrowed angrily.

I turn back to see Sam touches the man's neck to check if he has a pulse, which he does I assume as he smiles up at the demon beside him. 'How'd it feel?' She wonders.

'Good. No more headaches' Sam says as he unites the man.

'None? That's good' she smiles as the man begins to wake up.

'Hey, hey. I got you. It's all right' Sam assures him. He helps the man out of his chair and begins walking him towards the door. I look

over and see Dean was gone and I hurry after him just as he opens the door causing  
>Sam to freeze in place<p>

'So... Anything you wanna tell me, Sam?' Dean questions, walking. Inside. I watch from behind cautiously, knowing that this was not going to be pretty.

Sam tries to look innocent and the demon stands behind him, just watching 'Dean, hold on, okay? Just let me-' Sam brain but Dean interrupts angrily 'You gonna say, "let me explain"? You're gonna explain this? How about this? Why don't you start with who she is, and what the hell is she doing here?'

Dean looks at him hard, Sam turns back and looks at her and she looks completely calm, and even smiles as she responds to Dean 'It's good to see you again, Dean'.

'Ruby?' Dean gapes in realisation. She smiles a little, and Dean looks at Sam in disbelief 'Is that Ruby?'

As, doesn't respond and Dean looks over at Ruby again, who's smile is fading. After moment, Dean grabs hold of her and shoves her up against the wall. He pulls out her knife and as he's about to strike, Sam grabs his hand

'Don't!' I hurry forward, ready to stop them as they struggle for the knife. Sam gets it out of Dean's hand into his own, just as he throws him up against the wall.

Ruby grabs Dean and pins him up against the wall he had her against seconds earlier 'Ruby! Stop it!' Sam warns but don't give her another second grabbing the back of her jacket and hauling her away from my brother.

She glares at me angrily and goes to strike 'Ruby don't!' Sam yells and she freezes in place, an furious look in here's which I'm sure I'm returning. She steps back however giving up on attack and I smirk

'Well aren't you the obedient little bitch' I glare at the demon who narrows her eyes at me.

'Ruby' Sam speaks and stares between Dean and I before glancing over at Sam 'Ruby, he's hurt' He indicates to the man who was possessed earlier, 'Go'.

She gives both of us one more look and then turns and walks over to the man, she puts the mans arm over her shoulder, ready to take him out 'Where the hell do you think you're going?' Dean questions.

'The ER... unless you want to go another round first' Dean doesn't say anything and she walks out with the man. After a brief pause both Dean and I glance over at Sam.

'Dean' Sam start but he's ignored as Dean walks to the door we came in through 'Dean!' Sam calls but the door slams shut and he turns to look at me, 'Allison..'

'Shut up Sam!' I snap angrily before cooling down slightly look I may

have absolutely no idea what is going on here and who the hell she was but I do know one thing. What you just did, that it isn't normal hell it's not even close!' I yell and he remains silent at my anger 'I know I haven't been around. For the last five years and I know things have changed but this, this! I never would have expected, especially from you sam!' I shout before exhaling loudly 'you sure have changed little brother' with that I leave throw the same door Dean left.

I walk out to the impala, seeing Dean sitting angrily in the driver seat. I climb in and turn to him 'okay you and me we're going for a little drive and on that you are going to tell me WHAT THE HELL HAS HAPPENED IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS!' I scream at him, staring off quiet and just gets louder.

Dean went to say something but I clamped my hand over his mouth 'drive Dean or I swear to god!' I snap and he nods driving away, beginning to tell me what exactly what had happened.

The next morning after Dean had told me the entire story, (damn my brothers had gone through a whole pile of shit in the last five years! Like holy shit!), we pulled up to the motel and I followed Dean inside.

Sam gets out of his chair the minute Dean enters but Dean doesn't pay any attention to him and grabs his bag and begins to pack up his stuff. Sam looks at me but I look away so he goes over to Dean 'Dean, what are you doing?' He questions.

Dean just ignores him and continues packing 'What, are you, are you leaving?' He wonders.

'You don't need me. You and Ruby go fight demons' Dean tells him before he grabs his bag and starts for the door. Sam stands in the way so he has to go around him.

'Hold on. Dean, come on, man' Dean spins around and punches him in the face with his right hand. Sam whirls around by the force and I wince slightly at the action but don't move.

He turns back around to Dean 'You satisfied?' Dean hits him again, and then throws his bag on the floor. I wince again and look away, I know what Sam did was incredibly undeniably wrong but I always hated when they fought.

Sam touches his lip, which is bleeding 'I guess not'.

'Do you even know how far off the reservation you've gone? How far from normal? From human?' Dean demand, staring at Dean angrily.

'I'm just exorcising demons' Sam says

'With your mind!' Dean snapped before calming himself down 'What else can you do?'

'I can send them back to hell. It only works with demons, and that's it' Sam tells him and I scoff at his last two words as he acts like it nothing to be able to send a demon back to hell with his mind!

Dean grabs hold of him and pushes him backwards, walking with the force 'What else can you do?!' He shouts angrily.

'I told you!' Sam pushes his hand away, and they stop.

'And I have every reason in the world to believe that' Dean says sarcastically and he begins to walk away from Sam.

'Look, I should have said something' Dean stops, his back still to Sam. 'I'm sorry, Dean. I am. But try to see the other side here'

Dean spins around to face him 'The other side?'

'I'm pulling demons out of innocent people'

'Use the knife!' Dean snaps

'The knife kills the victim! What I do, most of them survive! Look, I've saved more people in the last five months than we save in a year' Sam tries to reason with him.

'That what Ruby want you to think? Huh? Kind of like the way she tricked you into using your powers' He shakes his head, sad, 'Slippery slope, brother. Just wait and see. Because it's gonna get darker and darker, and God knows where it ends'.

'I'm not gonna let it go too far' Sam assures

Dean smiles at that before he walks over to the wall and hits the lamp on the side table, making it crash and fly. I wince at the sound of the lamp shattering as faces Sam again, looking angry looks angry again.

'It's already gone too far, Sam. If I didn't you know... I would wanna hunt you' Sam eyes are tearful, and he nods at that, looking down and I bit my lip as tears well in my eyes as I look between them 'And so would other hunters'.

Sam looks up at him 'You were gone. I was here. I had to keep on fighting without you. And what I'm doing... It works'.

'Well, tell me. If it's so terrific... then why'd you lie about it to me? Huh? Why lie to me and Allison?' He asks gesturing to me before looking back at Sam 'Why did an angel tell me to stop you?'

Sam and I both look up, surprised at the mention of an angel. 'What?'

'Cas said that if I don't stop you, he will' Dean explains 'See what that means, Sam? That means that God doesn't want you doing this. So, are you just gonna stand there and tell me everything is all good?'

With tearful eyes, they exchange a look and then Sam looks down. The silence is broken by Sam's phone ringing, both Dean and I flinch at the sound as Sam answers it.

'Hello?' He pinches the bridge of his nose, trying to collect himself 'Hey, Travis. Yeah, he ... Uh ... It's good to hear your voice, too,

yeah. Um, look, it's not a really good time right now. It's-Yeah, okay. Uh, well, just give me the details, and, uh...Carthage, Missouri'

Dean watches Sam as he walks over to the bedside table and writes down the location before exchanging a look with me. I sigh shrugging as he silently asks 'what to do?'

'Looking for Jack Montgomery' Sam puts down the pen and ends the phonecall. Breathing deeply, he looks over at the both of us.

The impala zooms down the road. As dean filled both me and Sam in on what had happened to him in the past 'I can't believe it. Mom, a hunter?' Sam exclaims in disbelief and I can't help but agree out of all things I never would have expected mom to be a hunter.

'I wouldn't have believed it either if I hadn't seen it myself. That woman could kick some ass. I mean, she almost took me down' Dean stated.

'How'd she look? I mean... was she happy?' Sam asked

'Yeah, she was awesome. Funny and smart. So hopeful' Dean nodded 'Dad, too. Until of course...' Sam sighs.

'What is it sam?' I wonder but he looks out his window.

'Nothing' After a moment he turns back 'It's just, our parents. And now we find out our grandparents too? Our whole family murdered and for what? So Yellow Eyes could get in my nursery and bleed in my mouth?' He says in disbelief but both Dean and I frown at his last statement.

'Sam, I never said anything about demon blood' Dean says and a guilty >look crosses Sam's face 'You knew about that?'<p>

'Yeah, for about a year' Sam nods still not look at either of us.

Dean looks out through the window again, eyes on the road though I can tell he's pissed again 'A whole year?'

'I should have told you. I'm sorry' Sam apologises.

'You've been saying that a lot lately, Sam' Dean mutters and Sam looks down 'But whatever. You don't want to tell me, you don't have to. It's fine'

'Dean' Sam looks over at Dean, who's back to focusing on the road 'Whatever' he sighs quietly, looking out the window. I sigh myself, leaning back into the seat, looking between my brothers. I understand Dean was angry hell I was angry too but I hated when we all weren't on the same side. Though seeing as they could barely look at each other, it didn't look like we would be on the same side anytime soon.

We all sit out the front of this guys house, looking in with binoculars. The man, Jack goes by the fridge and takes out a beer. 'Are you sure that's him?' Dean questions.

'Only Jack Montgomery in town' Sam nods.

'And we're looking for...' 'Travis said to keep an eye out for anything weird'.

'Weird?' Dean ask in clarification.

'Yeah' Sam nods

'Alright, well, yeah, I've seen big weird, little weird, weird with crazy on top. But this guy? I mean, come on, this guy's boring' Dean sighed exasperated.

'I don't know, Dean. Travis seemed pretty sure' He takes up a pair of binoculars of his own.

I sigh, rather annoyed cause this seemed like a complete ways of time before I pulled up my own binoculars and looked in. Jack is leaning on the island in the kitchen, looking thoughtful. He takes another swig of his beer, and then opens the fridge again. He grabs a leftover chicken, and starts eating, not bothering with platters or utensils. He begins to eat frantically, like he's not gotten food in days.

He throws the finished chicken aside and grabs a pack of uncooked meat and opens it up and starts eating the raw meat, throwing looks over his shoulder for his wife. Jack stops eating suddenly.

'I'd say that qualifies as weird' Sam mutters, lowering his binoculars.

I scoff 'I'd say that qualifies as disgusting'.

## 8. Chapter 8

I walk into the hotel room with the boys when they suddenly stop before I can ask Dean shouts 'travis!' happily and I smile. 'See, Sam. Told you we should have hid the beer' Dean says before entering and I see that sure enough Travis was in the room, standing up from the table.

'Smartass. Get over here' He laughs and both him and Dean hug 'Ahh, good to see you'

'You too' They break and Travis and sm hug as well.

'Good to see you'

'You too, Travis' Sam nods pulling away.

,that can't be little ally could it, TRAVIS laughs catches sight of me.

'Not so little anymore Travis' I laugh hugging the man.

'No kidding' he agrees as he pull away 'God, you look so much like your mother' he smiles and I smile back before standing back by Dean. Travis looks over at Sam and chuckles 'Man, you got tall, kid' we all



laugh at his comment 'How long has it been?'

'Ah, gotta be 10 years' Sam says.

'You still a.. oh, what was it... a mathlete?' Travis wonders with a laugh.

Sam scoffs a little 'No'.

'Yep, sure is' Dean nods.

'Been too long, kids. I mean, look at you. All grown up' he says looking between the three of us 'John would have been damn proud of you. Sticking together like this'

I bite my lip slightly at that comments but Dean grins 'Yeah. Yeah, we're as thick as thieves' he looks at Sam, who's smile is disappearing with Dean's words 'Nothing more important than family'.

'Dean' I warn quietly, not wanting Travis to know about the problem going on. He doesn't respond but follows after Travis sitting down at the table. Sam frowns before following suit.

'Sorry I'm late for the dance' Travis apologises as we all sit down, 'thanks for helping out an old man. I'm a little, uh, shorthanded' He indicates his right hand and arm, which is covered in a cast, we all let out a short chuckle at his joke. 'So, you track down Montgomery?' He wonders.

'Yeah, we found him at his home' Sam nods.

'And?'

'Well, he had a hell of a case of the munchies, topped off with a burger he forgot to cook' Dean spoke and I shiver in disgust remembering the sight.

'That's him alright' Travis nods.

'What's him?' I wonder.

'Kids, we got a rougarou on our hands' he sighs and we all frown glancing at each other in confusion.

'A rougarou?' Dean expresses his confusion 'Is that made up? That sounds made up'.

'They're mean, nasty little suckers. Rotted teeth, wormy skin, the works'

'Well, that ain't this guy. I mean, he was wearing a cellphone on his belt' Dean points out.

'He'll turn ugly soon enough. They start out human, for all intents and purposes' Travis sighs.

'So, what? They go through some kind of metamorphosis?' Sam guesses

'Yep, like a maggot turning into a bull fly. But most of all they're hungry.

'Hungry for what?' I wonder though I have a feeling I won't like the answer.

'At first, for everything, but then... for long pig' I grimace and Sam exhales, both of us knowing what it meant though Dean didn't as he looked between us confused.

'Long pig?' He questions.

'He means human flesh' Sam tells him.

'And that is my word of the day' Dean nods

'Hunger grows in till they can't fight it. Till they got to take themselves a big, juicy chomp, and then it happens' Travis tells us.

'What happens?' Sam and I wonder in unison.

'They transform completely and fast. One bite's all it takes. Eyes, teeth, skin; all turns. No going back either. They feed once, they're a monster forever. And our man Jack's headed there on a bullet train' Travis explains.

'Well, how'd you find this guy if he's a walking, talking human?' Dean questioned.

'Lets just say it runs in his family'

'You mean, uh...' Sam begins and Travis nods 'Killed his daddy back in '78. Son of a bitch mangled 8 bodies before I put him down. Guy used to be a dentist. Cadillac, trophy wife... Little did I know, pregnant trophy wife. She put the boy up for adoption. By the time I found out, he was long gone, lost in the system'

'You mean to tell me you couldn't find someone?' Travis sighs.

'I'm not sure I wanted to. The idea of hunting down some poor kid... I don't think I'd have the heart. No. I wanted to wait, make damn sure I had the right man. Apparently, I do' He takes a swig of the beer.

The next morning, I'm in the bathroom brushing my teeth while Dean and Travis are by the table, setting up weapons to kill the rougarou 'So fire, huh?' I heard Dean wonder before I rinsed.

'The only way I found to kill these bastards; deep-fry 'em' Travis explained.

'Well, that's gonna be...' Dean began and I finished his sentence as I entered the room 'horrible'.

'Yeah that' he nodded before looking back at Travis 'Is that what you did to Jack's dad?'

'Uh-huh' Travis nodded just as Sam came into the room from outside, papers in hand.

'Not wasting any time, are you?' he said when he caught sight of the fire weapons on the table.

'None to waste. The guy hulks out, we won't be finding bodies, just remains' Travis stated and Sam took a seat down on the bed next to the table.

'What if he doesn't hulk out?' Sam said and we all frowned looking over at him curiously 'I did a little homework. Uh, I've been checking out the lore on rougarous,.

'What? My 30 years of experience not good enough for you?', Travis questioned, looked offended.

'What? No. No, I-I- I just wanted to be prepared. I mean, not that you didn't., Sam stammered until Dean stepped in 'Sam loves research. He does. He keeps it under his mattress right next to his KY. It's a sickness' He looks over at Sam and I rolled my eyes 'It is'.

Sam glared at hi before getting back down to business 'Look, everything you said checked out, of course, but uh. I found a couple of interesting stories about people who have this rougarou gene or whatever. See, they start to turn, but they never take the final step'

'Really?' Dean and I question surprised.

'See, if they never eat human flesh, they don't fully transform' Sam states.

'So what? Go vegan, stay human?'

'Basically. Or in this case, eat a lot of raw meat, just not...' 'Long pig' Dean finished and Sam nods 'Right'.

Dean smiles a little, while is just sitting next to him, having watched and listened to Sam about this under silence and I watch him already having an idea that Travis had already made up his mind. 'Good on you for the due diligence, Sam" He gets up 'But those are fairy tales'. He walks over to the little pantry and pours himself another cup of coffee 'Fact is, every rougarou I ever saw or heard of... took that bite'.

Sam doesn't accept that and he stands up while speaking 'Okay, well, that doesn't mean that Jack will'. Dean glances over at me and we both know there's an argument on the rise so we stand up.

'So what do we do? Sit and hope and wait for a body count? Travis asked in disbelief.

'No, we talk to him. Explain what's happening. That way he can fight it' Sam says like its the most obvious path and I couldn't help but admit it did sound pretty good but there was always the chance he wouldn't listen and think we were crazy, it's happened before and I'm sure it's gonna happen again.

'Fight it?' Travis laughs in disbelief 'Are you kidding me? You ever been really hungry?' this gets Dean's attention, who had been looking

at the papers Sam had brought with him 'I mean, haven't-eaten-in-days hungry?'

'Yeah' Dean nodded

'Yeah? Right then. So somebody slaps a big, juicy sirloin in front of you, you walking away?' Dean looks thoughtfull for a second and then admits "no" without words, only raising of eyebrows. I can't help but admit that Travis really did have a good point and together both Dean and I look over at Sam.

'That's what we are to him now, meat on legs' Travis stated 'I'm sorry. I'm sure he's a stand-up guy, but it's pure, base instinct. Everything in nature's gotta eat. You think he can stop himself 'cause he's nice?'

Sam responds sounding firm and very serious 'I don't know. But we're not gonna kill him unless he does something to get killed for' both Dean and I glance over at him. Sam takes a few breaths and then walks out of the room.

Travis looks over at both of us, a bit puzzled by Sam's reaction 'What's up with your brother?'

Dean goes to sit down again after glancing at the closed door 'Don't get me started'.

The impala races down the road, the three of us inside of it. It had been quiet for a while and I was starting to get really sick of the tense atmosphere between all of us.

Dean finally broke the silence 'All right, so we're gonna go have a little chat with this guy which, you know... I'm down but I just want to make sure, if push comes, you're gonna shove' Dean said looking at Sam who was facing the front window with a serious look on his face until then.

'Meaning?' Sam questioned.

'Well, odds are we're gonna have to burn this guy alive'

'Lovely visual there Dean' I muttered though my comment was ignored.

'This guy has a name and a wife' Sam points out.

'Yeah, who we're probably gonna make a widow, okay? I mean, you heard Travis. He's gonna turn. They always turn'

'Well, maybe he won't. Maybe he can fight it off' Sam argues

'And maybe he can't, that's all I'm saying' Dean adds and I sigh knowing they were going to start arguing again.

'All right, we'll just have to see then, okay?' Sam muttered looking back out the window.

'This is what I mean, Sam. You sure your emotions aren't getting in the way here?' Dean asks and Sam looks at him with a confused look.

'What are you talking about?'

'Dean...' I warn but he pays no need to my words and continues.

'You know, nice dude, but he's got something evil inside. Something in his blood. Maybe you can relate' Dean looks over at him, but Sam doesn't respond with a look of his own but I could tell he was really angry.

'Stop the car' Sam said

'What?'

'Stop the car or I will!' Sam threatened raising his voice and I sigh. Dean drives to the side of the road, but before the car has completely slowed to a stop Sam has already opened his door and is getting out.

'Dean..' I warn but Dean was already opening his door. As he does SAM slams his own shut and turns around to him, angry. 'Son of a bitch' I mutter before climbing out as well.

'You want to know why I've been lying to you, Dean? Because of crap like this!' Sam began and the two of them made their way to the front of the car. I cross my arms leaning against my door ready to intervene as soon as the situation needed it.

'Like what?' Dean wondered.

'The way you talk to me, the way you look at me like I'm a freak!' Sam walks past Dean, and then turns around to him, now completely pissed off.

'I do not' dean protested angrily.

'You know, or even worse, like I'm an idiot!' He walks up to Dean, and almost gets in his face 'Like I don't know the difference between right and wrong!' He steps back, turns his back to Dean and walks a few steps. He then stops, hands on hips, back still to Dean, who's watching him. When Sam finally turns around, Dean looks down.

'What?' Sam demanded.

'Dean, don't...' 'Do you know the difference, Sam? I mean, you've been kind of strolling a dark road lately' i groan loudly in exasperation at his words, knowing it would just fire Sam up even more.

'You have no idea what I'm going through! None!' Sam shouts angrily.

Then enlighten me' dean yells just as angry.

'I've got demon blood in me, Dean! This disease pumping through my veins, and I can't ever rip it out or scrub it clean! I'm a whole new level of freak!' i look down, saddened by his words 'And I'm just trying to take this - this curse... and make something good out of it. Because I have to' sam looks down at the ground avoiding both of

our eyes.

My heart pangs as i look at my little brother. i had no idea he felt that way and it made me upset knowing he thought himself a freak, a curse even. it was horrible and nobody, especially sam should ever think that about themselves.

After a while, Dean finally says something in a calm voice 'Let's just go talk to the guy' Sam scoffs.

'I mean Jack. Okay?' After a moment, Sam gives a small, almost non-existent, nod, but he doesn't look at either of us as he makes his way back to the car.

We walk inside the Montgomery garden as we see Jack mindlessly watering the plants with his hose. We walk towards him and I see that he looks completely spaced out. 'Jack Montgomery?' Sam calls out. Jack doesn't turn right away and there's a quick pause before he turns to look at us all 'I'm Sam Winchester. This is my brother; Dean and my sister, Allison' he introduces us as Jack turns around and looks at us as we walk up to him.

'We need to talk'.

Jack looks at him and then at Dean, who looks around a bit and then finally at me before he looks back at Sam 'About?' He wonders.

'About you. About how you're changing' Sam says and a frown appears on his face.

'Excuse me?'

'You're probably feeling your bones move under your skin. And your appetite's reaching, you know, "hungry hungry hippo" levels. How am I doing so far?' Dean questions.

'Who the hell are you guys?' Jack wonders and I can tell that Dean hit the nail on the head.

'We're people who know a little something about something' Dean shrugs.

'We're people who can help. Please, just hear us out' Sam asked and Jack nods quietly 'your becoming a rougarou'.

'A-a what?' Jack stammers in confusion.

'A rougarou. Sounds made-up, I know, but believe me, it's not' Dean tells him.

'Alright, I've noticed certain things. I mean, some strange things. But I just, I-I don't know. I'm.. I'm sick or something' Jack shrugs, trying to pretend like it wasn't what we were saying it was.

'Your father was one of these things' I point out and he frowns deeper, looking at me 'Your real father. He passed it on to you'.

'No' Jack shakes his head 'Are-are you guys listening to yourselves? You sound like you're-' Dean interrupts with an eye roll 'Skip the

whole "you guys sound crazy", shall we? You're hungry, Jack. You're only gonna get hungrier'.

'Hungrier for?' He wonders.

'Long pig. You know, a little manburger helper, may have crossed your mind already' Dean says.

'No' he shakes his head.

'It doesn't have to be like this, Jack. You can fight it off' Sam assures him.

'No' he protests again.

'Others have' Sam tells him.

'We're not gonna lie to you, though. It's not gonna be easy. You're gonna feel like an alcoholic swimming around in whiskey. But I'm telling you. You gotta say no... or-' 'Or what?' Jack cuts Dean off.

'You feed once, and it's all over. And then we'll have to stop you' Sam warns.

'Stop me? My dad, did uh, somebody stop him?' He wondered, frowning deeply.

'Yes' Sam nodded reluctantly.

'Get off my property right now. I see you guys again, I'm calling the cops' Jack warns his face twisting into an angry scowl.

'Jack, your wife, everybody you know, they're in danger' Sam argues.

'Now!' He shouts and Sam sighs in defeat as we begin to walk away seeing that we were drawing attention to ourselves, as Jack's neighbour stopped cutting his bushes to look over.

'Good talk' Dean whispers sarcastically as we leave through the garden door.

I doze off slightly in the backseat of the impala as we watch Jack for any problems, we had been there for a couple of hours now and I was rather bored but I kept my eyes open and remained easily alert.

'Damn it. Jack. No' Sam mutters as he reaches behind him and I give both him and Dean a flamethrower each

'Come on' Dean calls and we all hurry out of the impala and race over to the building, Jack was currently using the fire escape to climb up. We move inside and race up the steps.

Sam and Dean kick down the door to the apartment Jack was heading for and we all hurry through it, flamethrowers at the ready.

We meet a woman, who's just coming out of her bedroom and our sudden appearance scares the living hell out of her, she screams loudly and

backs into her bedroom.

'Wait!' Dean yells but she slams her door 'Whoa, uh, we're here to save you, I guess' Dean mutters as confused frowns appear on all our faces, seeing no sign of Jack.

'I'm calling the police!' She yells through her bedroom door.

'We should go' I say and they both nod.

'Yeah' we all hurry out, Dean turning around to close the door with a little embarrassed laugh.

End  
file.